

a 11

Manorbier, Sun. 30 Aug 1908?

Beloved,

I don't know whether this
will get to you, & I
have only time for a
scrawl. being perplexed with
innumerable small jobs.
As my trip has to be cut
down. boxes packed; bills paid;
& I tremble at the thought
of tomorrow. I sometimes
think I will never travel again.
My articles are all unfinished
& hideous. The Times say
they must have been by
me as.

pleasure to see you again -
with God be he rest - or
at rest, I can't remember which.
In spite of my complacency yesterday,
I feel rather well, & in need of
domestication. NYPL Perhaps we

shall have a tremendous shower
of talk; but you are in
no need, & I fear you will
be very practical.

Have you packed your
hat, oil & do on.
I have had no letters, & do
I have no news; but if I
waited till I had been for a
walk & fished my brain, that
might be mistimed; unfortunately
the post goes at 5.30.

I have been writing to Lytton & to
Case; I feel somehow that Lytton
is a little Blasi, & our
friendship is strictly & even
cynically Platonic. His say
that Alice wrote his poem
almost as good as Catullus (after
some others). Where are my works
then? I shall have to alter
my standard for judging Chaucer
poems — sad, oh sad. But I
feel so full of ideas at this moment,
for a book I am going to write; &
I believe I shall carry through
Malgambrosia, & I believe I care
less than ever before for what
people say.

This is Githersish too; &
if I were a vain woman, vain
as my letters that is, I would never

let this go: I wish you would
consider what I say about burning
letters. I admit that it flatters
me to think they are kept; but
it also hampers me in the
least literary & my intercourse.
Did you ever read the beautiful
poem in which Browning (now in
what tone & voice do you
believe that, I wonder?)
explained how one writes to one,
(or one only)?

NYPL

I fancy you stambly through
these be words - sometimes
coming to a stop altogether,
& muttering 'well, if she
will write such halberdash'
or then there will be half a
minute's interruption while Clive
makes you repeat your next
word.

I dreamt of Clarissa last night; she was
new born, & had a fine row of teeth, which
were without roots; & she could say
'no objection' which I thought proved something
out of measure. L.B.

HAMILTON 2/16/70

18th May 1909

29,
Fitzroy Square,
W.

Dear Tuesday.

Beloved,

This is the last letter that God. written to the
tune of the piano. I have been written to day -
The Singer in consequence an all hooting -
Cobulating. When I was in my bath this
morning maid came & rattled, "said that Mr.
Vaughan was in my bedroom. I went down, &
found that she had rushed up to London last
night, hearing that Barbara was worse, & was on
her way to the station. I denied, & we had a long
conversation. She seemed to think that Barbara was
as imaginary. She seemed to think that Barbara was
dying, & that it was the doctor's fault, or her for having a
new nurse. It was mixed up with rhubarb & other
facts, & God, & religion: she made sweet all the
time, in her usual way, to explain things. I lay down the law.
I think it has been ghastly. But I found it hard to say
anything. Her mind fell off at such a tangent. She
picked up a novel of Aunt Anne's. "It is true - whatever you
reading the first paragraph. "It is true - whatever you
may say. As it was a mild disposition upon the
24th or 25th age, I could not see the force of it. She has

old torments about Emma. "and who only thinks the
cost of bananas & Lady Somers tea parties" & Mary,
Wells ~~has been~~ ^{she said she was}
certain the roughness were ^{propagated} "one has only
to look at Mary's face"; whereas the doctors said
that the Lymonds were ^{she is like an} ~~consumptive~~. I think there is
excitable child, working itself into a passion. I think there is
something very lovable about her in spite of her incoherencies.
The unfortunate child, anyhow, has been so scared that her
looks will be spoilt for life.
I went round to Gordon Square yesterday, & saw your Cook;
who wished me to tell you that Gust is in excellent health.
We have accepted the Freshfields. Updated this ^{Creechton}
for next Sunday; so you will be free of me till Monday
afternoon probably. You may not know that George
Incredibly is dead: how I wish the Quarterly would ask me to
explain him, once & for all! Adieu with I pointing out that
1909 is as disastrous as 1809 was pro-life -
We are now going to hear a play by Somerset Maugham,
as Armida has been put off. You will have it
next week, I suppose.

There's the bell!

Beloved, I adore you, more than

I can say.

Yours.

7 August 1909

Saturday.

Bayenth.

Beloved,

We arrived yesterday without
 adventures. Adria did
 most of the management, but
 it seemed very simple.
 The crossing was like floating
 down an Indian river, we lay
 & smoked for hours in the sun -
 & it was perfectly calm.
 Holland looked a very charming
 country. There was a fair young
 or a all the women wore
 white caps, with gold balls over
 their ears. However, you know all
 about that. Our lodgings
 here are much better than I expected.

L. 102

They are clean & bare, without
carpets, & almost without
ornaments. We have a little
sitting room too. Our house is
in a street of villas, with small
gardens, where the family spend their
time, talking, & there is a kind of
pauzation where the children play.
There is a small boy of Julian age,
who sits there alone, & makes
sand heap. ^{NYPL} Quite happily. We
wandered about Bagreath after
we arrived. It is like an
English market town - with
great many ironmongers, & a
broad street with a fountain in the
middle, & an 18th Century mayor
house. Unfortunately the
shops are full of carb. & Holy relics.
The arts interest Saxon profoundly,

as they show the finger in different parts,
or thus lead to a good many comparisons.
We are very minute in our ways
already. We sat & watched the
people in the park for an hour. My God,
they are hideous! The women have a
strap round their waist, a green
hunting cap, with a feather, & short skirts.
They are never fashionable. I don't
cause any horror. We dined at the
foreigner restaurant, & even there
they are incredibly stout & gawky.
Every young woman, too, brings an
old housekeeper, less smart than Sophie,
to look after her. They eat
enormously, off great joints, covered
with fat.

This is a very full letter, but
I haven't collected my wits yet.
Jaxon is very amiable, but almost
stupid - a whatever the phrase is.
He upset the ink at breakfast,
& tried to clean his chair with his
red & a handkerchief dipped in milk.
It was like an old unappealing old
cat. Then he cleaned a pair of

Stewie on a piece of bread. He says
that he may have to spend some
time at the dentist, as a stopping
has come out. He slightly prefers
franklin with his back to the
engine. He is gentle, a full of
consideration, & unselfish way.
Adrian grows a little tart with him.

Now we are going to read Parzival -
then lunch, & then we shall hear
the immortal work.

It is the hottest day we have had
this summer. I suppose it is the
same with you.

NYPL

Y/B.

8 August 1909

Bayreuth,
Sunday.

Beloved,

No letter has yet come from you.
I hope this heat has not turned you
apoplectic: it is roasting like Hell here.
We heard Parsifal yesterday - a
very mysterious emotional work, unlike
any of the others I thought. There is
no love in it; it is more religious
than anything. Perhaps even in
half mourning, & you are tired if you
try to clap. As the emotions are
all abstract - I mean not between men
& women - the effect is very much
diffused; & peaceful on the whole.
Hans von Sagen - Adrian says that it
was not a good performance, & that

I don't know anything about it until
I have heard it 4 times. Between
his acts, one goes & sits in a field, &
watches a man hoeing furrows. The
audience is very dowdy, & the town & the
house is poor; one has hardly any
room for one's knees, & it is very
intense. I think earnest people
only go - the Germans for the
most part, in salt, with symbolical
bread. Everything is ^{NYPL} new art -
the restaurants have single lines
run down the walls, with
triangles suddenly hanging out - the
kind of thing one sees in the
Studio. The goodness of the
race is astonishing - but they
seem very clean & kind. They
suits say very well. He thinks

them so sensitive.

So far, we have

got on without more than a
temporary fastness. Sagen can't
decide anything - even what he
wants to eat - but Adian is
very prompt & business like. I am
haunted by the thought that I can
never know what anyone is feeling,
but I suppose at my age it can't
be helped. It is like trying to jump over

shadows.

We have been discussing obscure
points in Proust all the
morning. It seems to me
weak vague stuff, with the
usual snob-miseries, but I can
only read the German with great
difficulty. The time seems to

go in preparing for the opera,
listening to it, & discussing it
afterwards - but tomorrow I must

page to write - you will laugh.
I left behind a good many necessary
things, & brought impossible
precautions. I meant all
night that I was arguing with you;
& you showed a peculiar bright
analysis, which I sometimes see in you.
I wish I had that picture of you.

NYPL

How does John do?

Give her my love.

E.B. Churchill

manuscript 2/16/70

10 August 1909,

Would you keep me a copy of the Supplement
with my Sterne in it? It comes out on
Thursday: also wd. you keep my Holmes
on the 26th. I paste them in a book
Tuesday.

Beloved,

I believe Saxon sent you a long
a sweet letter this morning. He
has been composing it at most
times, & humming it all day.
Some of it 'rather pleased' him.
We have got into our stride, I think, -
it is really rather an amusing life.
I spend the morning writing, &
the others go for a walk: we meet
for lunch, & this afternoon, as it is an
old day, we walked out to The
Hermitage. This is a place built in

imitation of Versailles; it is
all overgrown & deserted, with little
French Temple, a ruin, a courtyard,
wherever one goes, one finds a
garden sat with fables, where

men & women drink great
jugs of beer & eat meat, although
it is a blazing hot day. The
weather tends to break up. The
colours are very beautiful - yellow
& haden. We walked home through
the fields. I don't much admire
the country, because it is very
florid & without shadow; & every
fruit wedged into the cask, with
no sea anywhere. However
the town is charming; most of it
built in the 15th Century; men
are very wide streets, with solid
grey houses, like Cambridge house,
only somehow rather rustic. Last
night we walked about after dinner,
& all the people were singing over
their beer. As there was very little
light, & a few people peeping out of
windows, & virgin tripping by in
cloak, & a great yellow coach

Standing in the middle of the road, our megar
have been in the year 1750. Saxon
is dormant all day, & rather ~~passive~~ is
you interrupt him. He hops along,
before & behind, swinging his ugly stick,
& humming, like a stridentulous grasshopper.
He reminds me a little of father. He
clenches his fists, & scowls in the same way,
& stops, at once if you look at him.
Adrian & I wink at each other, & get
caught sometimes. About 11

O'clock at night, when we begin to yawn,
he brightens up, & comes out with some
very acute & rather acid question.
We argued till 1.30 this morning.
It was about something Adrian had said
two or possibly three Mondays ago, which
Saxon had not understood. He boasts
things, like a dormouse. His mind is
marvellously accurate, but I am
rather surprised by his intellect. He
sometimes seems quite fresh & about 26.
& manly. I think he suspects that
we think him obsolete, & wants to
assert himself. I don't know what
Adrian has told you, but I am surprised
at our good temper, so far. We are

Other masters, like monks & nuns,
Speak little, & — Oh I long for you!
There are bullocks here, with
Eyes like yours, & beautiful trembling
nostrils. Adrian has just brought
me your letter, for which I thank God;
I was getting the brought. You are
a fawning devil to talk a few
letters being dull! My conclusion
was that the way to get life into
letters was to be interested in other
people. You have an atmosphere.
Ah! there is no doubt I love you
better than anyone in the world!
I don't think I am selfish about you.
I wish you were at London; & I am
seriously alarmed to think that you
contemplate another Bunting. Do
wait another year, if you feel her vision
with salt, she may take after her aunt;
but a watered child would very likely
be a fine woman. I don't in the
least mind your showing alive my letters;
because I don't make much difference
between you; only they are dull. His interests
criticism. As for 'Genius', even I have
done with that. Perceval brought alive a
great bore, & rather & is agreeable. The
lodging sound exactly right. Are you boiled
alive? B.

Harriet 2/6/79